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So Much Like Dying

Penny Grinning Soul - I

daddydreadful

So Much Like Dying by daddydreadful

Series: [Penny Grinning Soul \[1\]](#)

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Genre: Bargaining, Bill Skarsgard Form, Demon/Human Relationships, Dominant Pennywise, F/M, Human Pennywise (IT), Mildly Dubious Consent, Oral Sex, POV Female Character, Rough Sex, Seduction, Slight non-con at first, This is probably more serious than it should be, Vaginal Fingering, Vaginal Sex, blink and you'll miss it monster genitalia, clown sex, there's a plot if you squint, trippy sex

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Summary:

You were born in Derry but haven't lived there since your parents' divorce. Still, every summer you travel back to stay with your aunt and young cousin Jimmy. Nothing too eventful ever happens, until this summer when your cousin's away at summer camp and you find yourself alone in the house...

So Much Like Dying

You let yourself in. The key was right where your aunt said it would be, underneath the second flower pot from the left, the one with the Marigolds. Even though you know the house is empty, you shut the door quietly and softly pad into the kitchen. Your fingers brush cold marble as you set the key on the countertop and slip off your backpack. You look around. Your Aunt Betty's house looks just like you remember it: small but not cluttered, clean but not in an uptight way. Ultimate cleanliness would have been impossible--evidence of your cousin Jimmy peeks out from between couch cushions, forms lumps under rugs, and fills the fridge with bottles of Sunkist and chewy fruit snacks shaped as sharks. A piece of tin foil covers what is probably a casserole of some sort, but you ate on the way and you're not quite hungry yet. Still, you smile as you grab an apple from the basket on the table. Somehow, your aunt was always able to make you eat your peas and carrots in a way your mother never could. And not in a bullying way--with a voice that soothed, that coached, one that cushioned the truth but didn't shy away from it. Betty just had a way about her. And that was why the number of summers you spent here in Derry and not at your own house were too many to count.

But this time is different. This time, your aunt isn't here. No one is here but you.

You slip out of your sneakers and climb up the stairs. At the top of the landing, you turn left and walk down the hall into the guest room. With a flick of your wrist, your backpack is tossed onto the floor next to the bed. The guest room is small, the furnishings simple. You glance at the wall, noticing how wide it looks, how empty. A family portrait used to hang there, along with several other photographs, little snapshots frozen in time. But now there is only dust. For the first time since you arrived, you feel a small stab of sorrow. It's crazy how quickly things can change. How quickly things can turn sour.

You wonder how your cousin is doing, but he isn't here to tell you--he's at camp, a state-and-a-half away. He'll be there all summer.

Unconsciously, you turn and walk back down the hall, stopping at Jimmy's room. You remember the last time you saw him. He had tried to convince you to call him Jim, for he was a "big boy" now, having turned ten earlier that year. You went along with it for awhile but couldn't help but slip up a time or two (or twenty), if only to see his cherub-like face wrinkle up at you in mock annoyance. He'd roll his eyes; you'd roll your eyes back. He'd pull your hair; you'd chase him down the hall, arms outstretched and fingers curled like claws, your monstrous growls punctured by snorts and laughs. He's the little brother you never had, and you love him.

Except now you wish you had never called him Jim. After the divorce, he *had* grown up. He *was* a big boy now, and you wish he had just stayed Jimmy. Precious, precocious little Jimmy.

Solemnly, your eyes roam around his room. There are more trophies and sports equipment littered around than toys, but you do notice that the wallpaper is the same: a white background with faded green outlines in the shapes of turtles. When you used to read to him, sometimes he'd raise a small hand and trace the outline of one of the turtles as he listened. You lean against the doorframe, remembering. A long moment passes, and you're curling up in Jimmy's small, twin bed and pulling the covers up to your ears. You close your eyes, suddenly feeling tired. You try to picture him swimming in a lake or fishing, making friends with other boys as they play capture the flag in the woods, or sitting at tables making God's Eyes out of yarn and popsicle sticks. But most of all, you try to picture him happy. The last thing you hear before you slip off to sleep is his laugh...

You jerk awake. Your heart is pounding, and for a long moment, you lay unmoving beneath the covers. You don't know what has jarred you to wakefulness--a dream? a noise?--but you can't remember and the house is quiet. You lay there, listening. The whole neighborhood is quiet, which seems strange given that it's the first day of summer vacation and the sun's rays are just beginning to slip behind the trees. Vaguely, you remember your aunt mentioning something about a lot of the kids in Derry being out-of-state, at camps like Jimmy was or with relatives. The parents of Derry must have all needed some time to themselves, just like Aunt Betty had.

You hear a creak outside the door but you ignore it; houses always made such sounds. You're more awake now, and your heartbeat has slowed back to normal. Your stomach rumbles, punctuating the gloomy silence. Dinnertime. With a small grunt, you pull the covers off your head and make to rise...

...but *can't*.

There's something above you, and you stare up at it, letting your eyes adjust to the gathering darkness--and to what you are seeing. It looks like a person. It *feels* like a person, hovering over you, its hands and knees around *your* hands and knees, pressing the mattress down--and you would have jumped out of your skin, or at the very least, out of the bed, if it hadn't been blocking the way.

It's... *it's*...

It's a *clown*. A man dressed like a clown.

The first thing you notice are his eyes. They stare down at you, unblinking and so very--eerily--*alive*. The next thing you notice is his smile. It stretches excitedly across his face, a wild slash of red in a sea of cracked white. His two front teeth are large like a predator's; you can see the tips sticking lightly into his plump bottom lip, and as you watch, a long string of drool drips from his open mouth and onto the comforter. You pretend you don't feel it dampening your shirt.

The rest of him is just as strange. His hair is orange and swept up and out to the sides like horns. His body is completely covered in a gray, satin-like fabric that billows around his neck, shoulders and wrists. The costume is vaguely Victorian, and it would be lavish if it wasn't bearing a few suspicious-looking stains. His hands are gloved, his boots are pointed, and he's tall, his long legs stretching past the edge of the bed. He shifts ever so slightly, and you think you hear the jingle of small, hidden bells. The bells and his appearance should have made you laugh, but you don't. You don't do anything but stare up at him, your lips spread in surprise, your tongue frozen in your throat.

There's a man dressed like a clown, in your bed, holding you down.

He tilts his head at you. “You’re not Jimmy,” he says. His red lips billow out to form a pout, but a quick second passes and the creepy smile is back.

Your mouth works like a fish for a moment before you finally remember how to speak--sort of. “W-w-what...?”

“Where is he?”

You don’t know why you answer him, but you do. “S-summer camp.”

“S-summer camp,” he repeats, his voice somewhere between a mock and a growl. He’s still smiling, but his eyes seem to grow more intense as he asks, “And the others? They are there too?”

You feel yourself nod.

“Hmm,” the clown says, long and low. “And you’re... Jimmy’s sister?”

You swallow and shake your head. “No. He’s my cousin.”

“Cousssinnnn,” he repeats again, drawing out the word like it’s the first time he’s heard it.

Nervously, you nod a second time. You don’t know why you keep answering him so easily. “Who are you?” you finally manage to gasp out.

At this, his countenance changes, becoming oddly cheerful. “Me? I’m Pennywise the Dancing Clown! Yes, Pennywise...” he murmurs happily, as if to himself. Then-- “And you’re... [Y/N]!”

You don’t ask him how he knows your name. You don’t ask him why he’s here hovering over you in the half-dark--*even* when he suddenly leans forward and breathes into the hollow of your neck. He seems to savor something (the air? your smell?), and a thick line of drool drips down his chin and disappears into the darkness.

“Fear...” he hisses. His eyes briefly close, as if he can’t believe his good fortune. “Your heart *races*. But...” He’s back to tilting his head

at you, scrutinizing you intently. “It’s not like the others...”

There’s a slight lisp when he says his ‘s’s,” making him sound like a snake. You imagine him parting his lips and flicking out a long forked tongue, *tasting* you. The thought sends a shiver down the length of your body.

He notices.

The pressure around your wrist lessens as he releases your right arm. He runs a long, gloved finger down the side of your face; the fabric is smooth against your skin. His finger moves to skim your lips and then down your chin. It floats lower, pausing at the neck of your shirt before moving to circle above your heart. Your breath hitches when you realize how close he is to your breast. He notices. He smirks.

Your eyes are wide. “Please...” you whisper.

“Please?” he echoes, his voice strange. This time, you can’t tell if he’s mocking you. He seems distracted, eyes moving back and forth between your face and the places on you that he’s touching.

“D-don’t...” You can barely comprehend what’s going on--or what you’re saying. *A dream*, you think. *This is a dream...* The thought is like a spark in your mind.

His red-painted nose is flaring; he’s breathing you in, gauging your reaction. Your body stills but his finger doesn’t--it’s gliding over your shirt and down between your breasts. His eyes are following it. They look like they’re glowing in the dark.

You lay there, completely still... Until you move.

Your right hand flies to the lamp on the table beside you, scrambles a moment, and then finds the chain and tugs. The room is suddenly bathed in light.

The clown’s head snaps up. His yellow eyes dart around the room and then come to rest above you, on the wall. He frowns, then he growls, and you tremble at the sound. Lightning fast, he lashes out a hand, claws sticking through the tips of his glove, and scratches a

deep gash into the wall. Then, without even a glance back down at you... *he disappears.*

It takes a long moment for you to realize you've been holding your breath. You coach some air back into your shocked lungs, your eyes wide and staring above you. Now all you see is the popcorn ceiling.

You don't know how long you lay there, replaying the scene in your head. *Not real, not real, not real*, you think. What just happened, and what you felt during the encounter, couldn't have been real. Your mind latches onto this thought, and it calms you. Slowly, you sit up and swing your legs over the side of the bed. You look to your right. There are three large scratch marks etched deeply into the wall, making the turtle pattern there all but unrecognizable. You run your hand over the spot. You feel the torn paper beneath your fingertips, but still your mind refuses to believe.

Like a zombie, your legs carry you back down the hall and to the guest room. You stare unseeing at the bed. You should sleep... or eat dinner... or turn around. You turn around.

And look up at burning yellow eyes and a smile that sets all your nerve endings on fire.

He's here. He's real. *Pennywise.*

You know him. You've heard whispers about him from the children of Derry, all of them, Jimmy included--a nightmare they all seem to share--but never from the adults.

You were eight years old when your father walked out the door to your home with nary a glance back. When your mother drove the station wagon across the Derry city line, tires screeching and you bobbing around in the passenger seat, she didn't look back either. She didn't even pause to tell Aunt Betty and Uncle Rich (who were newly married) that she was leaving. She just grabbed you and left... just like you would do years later, at the beginning of every summer: grab your backpack and a bus ride straight to your aunt's doorstep. Sometimes your mother would put up a fight, block the doorway, cry. But you always left anyways. Just like your father did. Just like Uncle Rich did. Just like every boyfriend you've ever known.

But Pennywise...

You stare up at him. He had disappeared, left you alone.

But now he was back.

His lips are red, *so* red, like blood. His face, caked in its cracking white makeup, looms over you like an apparition. You're afraid. Your heart is racing. *Why is he here?* you think frantically. *And what does he want?*

He laughs. It's a hellish laugh, all manic, child-like glee and sharp edges. "*You,*" he says with such conviction, more than any person has ever declared to your face. He wants *you*. His voice is strange, his words hypnotic, and you shudder as your body floods with a sparking current of fear, anxiety and... something else. He reaches out and points an index finger into your chest. He barely touches you, but you fly back and land in the middle of the bed, your arms and legs splayed. Immediately, you rise up onto your elbows and scoot back until you hit the backboard. You have nowhere left to go.

Feeling paralyzed, you watch as he places an elegant hand onto the foot of the bed, fingers spread, and lowers himself into a half-crouch, lining himself up with you like a predator would. His movements are deliberate and fluid, and you'd think they were beautiful--that *he* was beautiful, bizarrely so--if he wasn't staring at you with a mouth full of hungry pointed teeth.

A whimper escapes your throat. "Oh G-God..."

The smile widens even further. "No God here," he says and it's a sly warning, a strangely seductive gloat. "No one here but Pennywise."

The air is tight with tension. He shifts, readying himself to pounce, and there are no happy twinkling bells to soothe you this time.

There's only a grinning monster and a deep pounding in your chest, signaling you to your doom. Your mind tries in vain to make sense of the situation. Monster... something supernatural... and he's going to kill you, or *eat* you... and he'll probably laugh while he does it, tease you, draw it out... keep you suffering and wondering when the next bite will come, until there is nothing left in you to feed on.

And he was going to do it to Jimmy. Jimmy, your precious “big boy,” old before his time. You understand it now: humans were easy to scare, to trick... even those who had convinced themselves they were grown up and thereby invincible, like you had. Why else would you brazenly keep coming back to this town?

But you know why. You miss your childhood. You feel like you never had one, that it was taken from you by a monster dressed up in human guise. Just like what would happen *now*.

You stare into those glowing eyes--eyes reflecting back a death that was rapidly coming up to meet you--and you realize you're not ready, not ready at all. There was still one thing you needed to do.

“Wait,” you say, holding up a trembling hand. “Take me,” you plead, “but only me. Kill me, eat me, fuck me, whatever--but leave Jimmy alone. *Please*.”

You expect him to laugh at you, to declare with the might of a god that he “makes no promises.” But he doesn't. He's back to staring at you intently, as if he can't quite figure out the meaning--the weight--of your words.

“F-f-fuuck-k-k you?” he says slowly, and he's suddenly less menacing, almost... *demure*. To a face that's only known lies and terror, the look is oddly endearing, and you're so taken aback, your fear lightens as you stare at him. But frightened or not, you're still trembling, still flushed with a rousing anticipation you desperately try to ignore.

“Whatever,” you say again. “I don't care. But don't hurt Jimmy. Please. I'll do... I'll do anything!” you spit out, one last desperate attempt to do something with your life. To make living--and dying--worth all the pain.

Frowning, he straightens. He hasn't broken his laser-like stare, but somehow the tension between you has lessened. You lay there in confusion for a moment before you feel something bloom behind your eyes. It's pressure, but it's not like any headache you've ever had. It feels like a... *hand* raking the sides of your head, as if it was sifting through your memories, trying to find the right one. The pressure on your head pulses, turning into pain for a brief second,

and you wince, placing a palm over the offending spot.

A moment passes. The pain is gone. Slowly, you lower your arm and look back up at Pennywise. You expect him to still be staring at you (for he was no doubt the source of the pain), but he *isn't*.

He's peering down at himself curiously. He's engrossed; it's like he's never given his body a proper look before. His gaze falls on his hands. He flexes long, gloved fingers. Then he looks back at you.

This time, the stab of pain you feel is like an ice pick to your brain. But it also comes with a disturbing revelation: you know what he's doing. Pennywise is reading your mind.

Immediately, you try not to think of anything, but it's impossible. Your thoughts are wild, crashing into each other like waves... *especially* when you notice he's back to smirking at you, his lips wet with saliva. It's a well-practiced look; he may not have understood (or cared about) the rest of his human body, but he knew *exactly* what his lips could do.

That's when it hits you. *Oh God*, you think, and your eyes widen. Out of all the options you gave him, it appears he's chosen the last one.

Your heart rate spikes. You don't want it to, but it does, and blood rushes to warm your cheeks. What did he find in your mind to spur him to *this*?

Suddenly, all you can see is a giant blur of gray, white, and red, and then the bed buckles as you feel him land on you, hands around your wrists, holding you down like before. You try not to squirm, to show weakness, but your insides are twisting inside you so much, you can't help but struggle against his iron grip. Your head falls back against the pillow, your hair is in your face, and all the while, he watches you. You feel exposed. He's closer than he was last time, but he's not straddling you--it's worse: his knees are between yours, holding you open, his legs wrapped around your own.

And then--mercifully--he lets go of one of your wrists... but only to immediately grab your throat, his large hand enveloping it

completely. You gasp in surprise and then choke on clipped air--his grip is just loose enough for you to breathe without passing out, but it is still tight, and instinctively your free hand travels up his arm and pushes against his shoulder in vain. As if in warning, he presses you down into the bed by your throat and laughs as he watches you bounce back up under his grip, wheezing. By now, you've heard that demonic chuckle so many times, you're almost immune to the terror of it--but then he reminds you of how frightening he can be by suddenly snapping at your hand on his shoulder. It's a feint, and he laughs again when he sees you jump and shriek beneath him. Both of your hands are around his wrist now, and your gasps and whimpers are louder. You can't help it; he is so, so close. Still smiling, he wiggles his index finger at you and then tsk's his tongue.

"Shh, shh," he coos as he places his finger over your mouth to quiet you. "Your offer, remember?" His glove is soft and smooth against your lips, just like before, except this time the touch isn't mere curiosity, it's *more*: a forbidden invitation, dangerous and thrilling like the first illicit touch between enemies-turned-lovers. Or between a monster and a human.

He lowers his head towards your face. Now, he's a mere breath away from biting your lips--or kissing them. "It's a deal," he whispers, and a shadow seems to fall over the room until all you can see is his wicked, smiling face. There's a sound in your ears like the hiss of a snake, and then Pennywise is parting his lips. You see his pointed teeth, the drool sliding down his chin, and the forked tip of a small, serpentine tongue, and then he's raising you up by your throat to meet him.

And before you know it, he's kissing you.

You can't believe it--his lips are soft and warm, just like any human's, and as they move against yours, you feel heat bloom everywhere you touch: his hand around your neck, his knees between your legs, his tongue sliding over yours. His taste--it's sweet but in way that stings, like biting into a caramel apple and finding a razor blade... but then he's kissing you harder than you've ever been kissed before, and you're no longer thinking about the warning bell ringing in the back of your mind. He's pressing you back into the pillow, and you close your eyes as you imagine selling your soul to the devil, if only to be

kissed into oblivion. *For Jimmy*, you think to yourself, and though you know it's not a lie, you *also* know that it's not the only reason why you've given in. You feel the clown's teeth pricking your lips, all too aware that he could bite into you at any moment, but even *that* thought thrills you, and you whine pitifully against his mouth, hating yourself. You're limp in his arms like a doll, but on the inside it's different: your every nerve ending is like a lightning rod for his fierce touches. You *feel everything*, everywhere... and then his hand releases your neck to grab your hair instead. You tense knowing the yank back is coming, but when it does, your sharp intake of breath gives you away: you *like* his roughness. He breathes against your neck again, and this time, the hungry growl that slips between his teeth sends a tingling jolt of electricity straight through your chest and down between your legs, and you know: the fight was over before it had hardly even begun.

But then he sits up. For a moment, there's a string of drool connecting your lips to his, and it's so suggestive, you're both aroused *and* panicked by what might be coming next. He raises his right hand, index finger pointing towards the ceiling, and as you stare, a large black claw tears through the tip of the glove. He leans over you again and runs the claw lightly down the side of your face. Your breathing hitches and you tense, but Pennywise doesn't pierce your skin--the only sting you feel is from his eyes on you, the intensity of his covetous gaze. You remember what he told you earlier, the way he said, "*You.*" *Pennywise wants you.* Just like before, he starts to skim his finger over your chin and down your neck. When he gets to your shirt, you can feel him start to press his nail down a little harder, and then your top is giving up as easily as you did, tearing down the middle like tissue paper. He hits your belt buckle with a small *clink*, peers at it for a moment, and then opens it with a flick of his nail. Then... he pauses. His eyes have finally left your face; now they're staring down at the bare skin peaking between your torn shirt. Instinctively, you squirm a little beneath him, but you stop in surprise when you notice something: despite the billowing fabric around his hips, the evidence of *just how much* he wants you brushes against the crotch of your jeans, and your body responds immediately. You're a dark, frenzied mess of desire, and you don't care anymore about the why's or the how's.

There's a monster in your bed. And if *you're* a monster for wanting him there, then so be it.

You don't realize there's a slight pressure in your head until you hear Pennywise snicker. Was he reading your mind again? And laughing at what he saw there? *Oh*, you think stubbornly, *read this, bitch*. You close your eyes, concentrating as hard as you can on the two of you doing the filthiest things you can think of. After a long, hot minute, you open an eye--you want to see the clown's face, *except--*

He's gone.

You rise up on your elbows again. Your head whips around, eyes scanning every nook and crevice in the room, but it's *true*. Pennywise has disappeared, left you alone. Just like before.

With your heart still knocking chaotically against your ribs, you fall back onto the pillow with a groan. "Son of a bitch," you mutter to the ceiling. You don't know how long you lay there, skin still yearning to be touched. Then you sigh and rub your eyes. Maybe... it *had* been a dream? By now, your heart rate has slowed to a steadier thrum, but your body still aches for release so you lower your hand to your unbuttoned jeans and slide your fingers underneath. You bite your lip as the first tingles of pleasure spark through you. Your eyes close. *Stupid clown*, you think. Not real. Imaging things, crazy things--what the fuck is wrong with you? The pleasant ache between your legs pools and spreads throughout your body, and you arch your back, sighing deep and low. *Stupid clown with his stupid fucking face and his stupid hands...*

Hands, you realize suddenly. *Hands!*

There are more than just *your* hands on your body!

Your eyes snap open. You're so shocked by what you see, you forget to scream. Arms are rising up through the bed, silk-clad arms with their flouncy cuffs and large, white-gloved hands--too many for you to count. They slide behind your head, grabbing your hair and yanking it back; brush between your legs and up to your hips, tugging your jeans off. They explore you, every inch, and not with silly tugs or curious pokes but firm, talented movements: running

smoothly up and down your legs; squeezing your thighs and ass; snaking around to tease your nipples to attention; skimming over your stomach to slide beneath your underwear, fingers working you to a frenzy. You can't move--some of the hands grip your arms and legs, holding you spread-eagled against the bed. You can do nothing but gasp and moan and *feel*.

And just when you think you'll find your release, the hands wrap themselves around you and *pull*--and as quickly as if a trap door had opened beneath you, you sink straight through the bed and into darkness.

You have just enough time to scream and flail your arms until you feel yourself hit something solid. But there's nothing around you, nothing but a piercing blackness that instantly cools your burning skin. Your mind reels at the sudden change. *What's going on??* Shakily, you get to your hands and knees and peer into the nothingness below... and then an invisible hand grabs your hair and forces your head up. Your heart leaps.

But it's not who you think. The figure you see crouching in front of you is not Pennywise the Dancing Clown but *yourself*.

It's like staring at your reflection: you are naked and on all fours, mouth open in surprise, hair a disheveled mess around your shoulders...

...and then the darkness seems to shift and he is there.

He's standing behind you, his face and body half in shadow. This time, he's not grinning; instead his eyes burn with a hunger so fierce, you want him to ravage you right here in this black pit of nightmares--

And he *does*.

But first, his game.

With a twinkling of bells, he bends over you. One gloved hand grasps your shoulder, clutching you tightly around the base of your neck; the other grabs a fistful of your hair and rears your head back

once more. You stare at the reflection of yourself in his arms, flushed and naked and so very, very wanting. His costume is smooth and cool as it slides against your skin. Your back is practically molded to his torso so you feel every small shift, pant, or rattling growl and it's intoxicating. He must think so too--you felt it earlier, his hunger-made-real, but this time he's no longer sheathed by yards of fabric. His hand has left your hair, and as he positions himself against your entrance, you shudder, the anticipation all but unbearable.

Oh, but he doesn't slide in.

The hand around your shoulder tugs, rolling you onto your back, and suddenly, your eyes are flooded with *light* .

You're lying on the floor of a massive Roman-style temple. You squint at it, confused, but soon you are distracted by something else. Something that sounds strangely like... moans. *Your* moans.

Slowly, you raise your head. And momentarily forget to breathe.

Everywhere you look you see a couple, the same couple over and over again: you and Pennywise, locked in a fierce embrace, or pushed up against a wall, or upside down, or on your knees, and each time he is taking you, ferociously, hands in your hair or around your hips, eyes locked on yours, and it's primal and terrifying and unbelievably *thrilling*. You feel drops of drool hit your thighs. It's *him*, the real one, and he's between your legs, palms spread over your lower abdomen, his ravenous gaze so intense it's like being caught in a freezing ray--until he flicks out a tongue and steals a taste of you.

Sensation, heady, glorious sensation floods your body and you throw your head back with a moan--

And the feeling stops. You lay still for a moment, breathing heavily and staring up at a white ceiling that is much lower than it was moments ago. A steady beeping noise fills your ears, sounding suspiciously like a heart rate monitor, and instinctively, you look down at yourself. You're stretched out on a long aluminum table. There are wires strapped to your naked skin, and your eyes follow one upwards until it connects to a machine that's covered in switches and colorful blinking lights. It's like you're in some sort of

observation room. But why? And where's Pennywise?

The crackle of an intercom overhead startles you. *"Alright, [Y/N], we're ready for you. Proceed."*

Immediately, your head whips towards the large mirror on the wall to your left. Only your confused reflection stares back at you, but there's something odd about the mirror, you can sense it.

And then you're watching your expression morph from confusion to curiously to surprise. Your hand is travelling slowly down your side. The touch is soft, exploratory, and entirely familiar. And when your hand slides over your abdomen and down between your legs, that's familiar too... except it's not you. *You're* not the one controlling your hand!

"Wait, what?" you sputter, but a loud moan escapes your lips, swallowing up any words of protest. Your fingers do their work, fast and furious and exactly the way you like it, and as the competing sensations of shock and pleasure start to build again, the machines around you spring to life, beeping and flashing like sirens. The intercom crackles, sounding eerily like distorted, heavy breathing, and your string of mewling whimpers catch in your throat when you realize: *you're being watched*. Your eyes fly back up to the mirror and stick.

You no longer see yourself.

You peer into a darkened room. A group of men in lab coats and holding clipboards are clustered shoulder to shoulder, and they're staring straight at you. You can hear them talking to each other in hushed tones. Talking... about *you*. They're scientists, and you are their subject.

Alarmed, you try to stop your frenzied movements, but it's like your hand has a mind of its own: it only seems to speed up. You feel your legs start to stiffen and you try to bite your lip to keep from moaning, but it's pointless. Despite their serious expressions, you can see the scientists' *true* feelings outlined against their pants, and the realization does nothing to calm you. Except now, you no longer care.

Because you finally see him. *Pennywise*. He's there behind the mirror among the scientists, watching you with darkened eyes, always watching you. The machines around you start to beep even faster, and as a wide, feral smile stretches slowly across his face, you feel your toes start to curl. You are so, so close--

Until the table tips and you find yourself falling unceremoniously through the floor and onto grass.

You raise your head. You're lying on your stomach in the middle of a large garden filled with trees and flowers, and it's just so beautiful, you can't help but feel--

"Son of a--grrrrr!" you yell, pounding an angry fist into the grass. Damn this frustrating clown! You hear footsteps behind you, but this time, your heart doesn't twinge with excitement or fear. Instead, you jump to your feet and whirl around with a scowl.

"You know what? Go ahead and eat me, you piece of--"

You freeze. The man walking towards you is certainly *not* the clown.

Though he is unusually tall for a man; even from where you stand you can tell he towers above you. His eyes are blue, his hair is brown, and he's absolutely *gorgeous*, even if it's in a way that is so unique it's unnerving. He's wearing a navy blue suit that fits his lean frame well, and as his eyes fall over your body, you squeak and cover yourself, expecting to be naked, but you're not--you're back to wearing your own clothes. Several feet away from you he stops and holds out his hand. You hesitate for exactly two seconds before you start walking towards him.

It's like you're in a trance. Your feet carry you swiftly, and before you even blink you're in front of him slipping your hand into his. He holds it for a brief moment before he's trailing long fingers up your arm and around the side of your face. You feel them slide into your hair, and then he's pulling you closer to him and angling your head back. Just before his lips meet yours, he stops and your stomach does a little flip of anxiety. Maybe he doesn't want you? But one look at those blazing blue eyes and you realize *he's* waiting for *you*, and so you rise up on your tiptoes and place your mouth on his.

It only takes a couple of seconds before he's practically crushing his lips to yours, his kiss so hard and passionate, you barely notice the ominous undercurrent. It just didn't matter--no man had ever looked at you the way this man did, or kissed you so fervently, except for...

You feel something sharp prick into your lower lip. You whine a little in surprise, but your eyes finally snap open when you taste a sharp, metallic tang. It's the *clown*, standing where the man was, and just like before, a string of fluid connects your lips to his, except this time, it's blood--*your* blood. The sound of a jaunty carnival song reaches your ears, but as it starts to fall eerily out of tune, you look around. Like the man, the beautiful garden is also gone. All that surrounds you now is a dark sky and an even darker carnival, its rides empty and creaking, its carts overflowing with rotting food.

Wind whooshes through the carnival and around you, causing you to realize with a start that you are once again completely naked. Slowly, you look back up at the clown. His gloved hand still cups the side of your face, and as it moves to wrap itself around your neck, you shudder as fear floods your body. Fear... at how much you want him to be your ruin. This time, his smile barely appears at the corner of his mouth before he's taking his hand off of your neck and pushing you backwards.

You land on something soft and springy--but it isn't grass. "Not again!" you groan, but it's already too late. You're lying atop a mattress in a plain iron bed, your arms and legs restrained. The room you're in is small and windowless with one door, and as you watch, the door creaks open and two people walk in, a balding older man with a lab coat, and a woman wearing a vintage nurse's uniform and carrying a clipboard. The man barely glances at you before silently holding his hand out for the clipboard. He flips through a couple of pages before sighing and shaking his head.

"This is the worst case I've ever seen," he says, though he doesn't seem terribly moved. "Hysteria. And utterly preventable with shock therapy." He shrugs, looking bored. "Oh well. Get Dr. Gray."

"Yes doctor."

As the nurse turns and leaves, you struggle to sit up. But even before the restraints stop you, the doctor does with a firm hand on your

chest, pushing you back down.

The doctor, the room, the restraints--everything feels so real, more real than any of the other illusions. You suddenly start to worry you've gone back in time. "What-what's happening?" you ask, your throat dry.

The doctor's reply is quick and cool. "Just relax." You start to protest, but the door swings open and in walks a new person, followed dutifully by the nurse. The trio all stare down at you from the foot of the bed, but all you see is *him*. The man from the garden. He's exchanged his sleek suit for a lab coat, but the intensity in his eyes is still there and it seems to burn into your heart like a brand. *Yours*, you think suddenly. *I'm yours*.

"She's all yours, Doctor Gray," says the first doctor. He turns to leave but stops when he hears your nervous whisper. "What's... what's going on? What are you going to do?"

"I'm afraid there's only one option here," he says, his voice monotone. "You have to die. It's the only way." His eyes bore into yours. "It's what we agreed."

"W-what?" you stutter, but the doctor and nurse are already sweeping towards the door. They close it behind them, leaving you alone with the man from the garden. He's taken to circling your bed slowly, running a hand along its wire frame. Then he walks over to a small metal stand and turns his back to you. You hear what sounds like the delicate clinking of glass vials, and then he's turning around to face you again, his hand holding a syringe filled with brown liquid.

"What's that?" you ask him nervously. His only reply is to grasp your arm and position the needle into the crook of your elbow. Your heart immediately thrills to his touch, but your mind...

Your mind knows there's an end in sight but that it's *not* the passionate release you desire. He's going to kill you. Just like you agreed.

But now you understand: he didn't want you to only suffer physically.

He wanted your mental and emotional ruin, too. It was his plan all along, to work you into such a frenzy you'd do anything, forget your morality, your *humanity*; become like a New Eve, betrayer of the world--and then in the end, deny you. Because that's what monsters do.

You feel the sting of the needle as it enters your arm, but you don't look down. Your eyes never leave his face. You want him to see your defiance. No matter what you feel or what he does to you, you won't give him the satisfaction of watching you suffer.

Now the syringe is empty, and as he moves to step away, you grab his arm, wrapping your fingers tightly around his wrist. All this earns you is a slight, almost bored look of surprise, but it's enough.

"Our promise," you say darkly to him. "You better keep it. *Clown.* "

This gets a reaction out of him: that wicked smirk, the one you've come to know--and *love*--so well. But as you watch, the image of him seems to distort like a cracked mirror, and you fall back onto your elbows, eyes widening as the strange distortion spreads throughout the room. Your head feels like it's full of water and wool. Was it the shot he gave you? Vaguely, you see him walk back to stand at the foot of your bed. You hear clanging sounds like something metal slotting into place, and then you feel him grasping your feet and placing your heels into stirrups. Your heart starts to skip again. He moves to stand between your legs, and you swear you see his distorted form eerily change to Pennywise and back again with every tilt of your head. But then he's running his fingers up the side of your leg, and as he softly brushes your center, your previous spell of anger disappears--*almost*. Heat blooms immediately in your lower belly as he starts to toy with you, and you bite your lip, determined not to give him any sort of reaction, even though the all-but-instant slickness of his hand is evidence enough. Still, you manage to do no more than glare up at him, until you feel two long fingers slide inside you, all the way up to the knuckles, and start to move. This time, you just barely stifle the moan that bubbles up through your chest. He's curling his fingers in a way that has you desperate to throw your head back and arch off the bed--but you don't. You *don't*, you hold firm... until you hear a growl.

You look up into wild yellow eyes and a smiling, tooth-filled mouth that's widening just for you. *The monster*, all soft, come-hither outsides and hard, hellish inners, and you love every bit of him. You can't help but notice his breathing is heavy; with every breath, the outline of his shadow seems to grow and spread against the wall behind him, pulsing like a heart. His hunger for you is practically spilling out of him: you feel his drool dripping onto your legs and sliding back down your thighs, and his *growls*--they rattle straight through you, shaking away your resolve and setting fire to your bones.

A resigned sigh leaves your lips. "Oh *hell*," you mutter.

And then you throw your head back and fall apart.

You don't care how loud you're being, or how much you jerk your hips, chasing each pleasure-filled spark as his fingers hit spots within you that you never knew you had. Oh, how you want him. And oh, does he know it. His grip on your thigh is so tight it's painful. He's moved as close to you as the junction of your legs allow, and each time a drop of drool hits that swollen, sensitive spot above his hand, your whole body shivers. He looks like he's close to clawing his way right on top of you, and you've never felt such fierce, beautiful dread.

Eat you, fuck you--you don't know which he's about to do, but you no longer care. Either way, you'll go to your death being torn apart, and that's just fine with you. Because at this very moment, you've never felt so gloriously, terribly *alive*.

The writhing mass of shadows behind him have spread upwards to clutch at the ceiling like the tentacles of a monstrous sea creature, and your heart starts to speed up even more but it's not from fear.

The fingers inside you have started to feel different, larger, wider, almost snake-like, and before you can even comprehend the change or the incredible way it feels to be so utterly *full*, Pennywise is climbing over you. His hands fall over your body, grasping and squeezing until you're a dark, pliant mess in his arms. His breath is hot on your neck, his eyes are the fiercest of blues, and with every thrust of his hips, he spurs you ever closer towards your end. With a snarl, Pennywise sinks his front teeth into the side of your neck, just above your shoulder, but it's the guttural moan he makes afterwards that shatters your body's last defense. *Monsters. Monsters both*, your

mind thinks. Then the exquisite, agonizing tautness deep within snaps and you finally, *finally* find your release.

And it feels so much like dying.

You don't know how long it goes on or how much time it takes to regain your senses. You're floating. You can't feel your limbs. Your mind is a haze of pleasure and pain. You've never managed to keep your eyes open during the end, and unfortunately this time is no different. You wanted so badly to see him. But as reality finally tugs you down from your high, you start to wonder. He let you have your release, the most powerful one you've ever experienced. Will he kill you now, just like he promised? Could you possibly make another bargain? As the feeling in your limbs slowly returns, you start to sense the bed beneath you, but you can no longer feel Pennywise's body pressed against yours. Odd... Has he crawled off of you, readying his teeth and claws to finally tear you apart? Cautiously, you open an eye and then gasp at what you see.

You're back in your aunt's house, staring upwards at the unassuming popcorn ceiling. You're lying in the bed in the guest room, just like you were (minutes? hours?) earlier. The bed sheets are twisted around you, damp from sweat, and you're startled to realize that you are once again fully clothed.

Stranger still: you're alone.

Your eyes scour the room, peering into every dark corner, but no gleaming yellow eyes rise to meet yours. Slowly, you sit up and get out of bed. You ready a wince, expecting pain, but instead you feel strangely well-rested and energized, as if you've just woken up from a year-long nap. Confused, you stumble over to a mirror hanging on the opposite wall. As you face the mirror, you flush as you remember seeing yourself in Pennywise's arms, but already the memory is hazy, fading like a dream. But it *wasn't* a dream... You peer at yourself. Your eyes are large and bright in your face, but you don't know if it's from your recent transcendence or because they're looking for something that just isn't there. When you reach up to lower the top of your shirt, you think you see the outline of bite marks on your neck, but even that seems to fade until you can't see anything but smooth skin. Even though you don't *feel* normal, you look it.

Everything looks normal, even down to you being alone. Unwelcome feelings of doubt and panic start to bubble up within you, and you frantically grasp fistfuls of your hair. Are you losing your mind? Did you die? Did nothing really happen?

And just before you finally convince yourself that “nothing happening” would be worse than the knowledge that you willingly succumbed to a monster’s dark embrace, you feel hot breath against your neck and a whispery voice that hopes Jimmy has fun at summer camp.

Author's Note:

Thank you so much for reading, and I hope you enjoyed it! This is my first Reader fic, and I've not read many of them, so sorry if there were any weird tense changes. ^_;; Needless to say, I'd love, love, love some concrit so I can get better, especially if this was too serious or absurdly dramatic (given that it involves a demon disguised as a killer clown). XD

Also, can I just take a moment to say that I love this fandom? You fellow clownfuckers are the best. I have not had this much fun in awhile, naysayers be damned. :-D

I have a Tumblr! Come say hello! Asks and fic requests welcome. daddydreadful.tumblr.com

10/17/17: Minor grammatical updates. Also, is anyone interested in a continuation of this? I'm working on a new, unrelated Pennywise x Reader fic, but if there's enough interest, I may try to continue this one in some way. I wasn't thinking chapters... but maybe a few vignettes to keep the dream-like vibe? Anyways, feel free to let me know!

11/18/17: Sequel posted!